# A moſt ſweet ſong of an *Engliſh* Merchant born in *Chicheſter*.

To an Excellent New Tune.

A Rich Merchant Man,
that was both grave and wiſe,
Did kill a man of Embden Town,
through quarrels that did riſe
Through quarrels that did riſe
the German being dead,
And for that fact the Merchant man
was iudg'd to loſe his head.
A ſweet thing is love,
it rules both heart and mind.
There is no comfort in this world
to women that are kind.

A Scaffold builded was,
within the Market place,
And all the people far and near
did thither flock apace:
Did thither flock a pace,
this direful ſight to ſee,
When all in Velvet black as jet
unto the place came he,
A ſweet thing, &c.

Bare-headed was he brought,
his hands were bound before
A Cambrick Ruff about his neck
as white as milk he wore,
His Stockings were of ſilk
as fine as fine might be,
Of perſon and of Countenance
a proper man was he,
A ſweet thing, &c.

When he was mounted up
upon the Scaffold high,
All women ſaid great pitie 'twas
ſo ſweet a man ſhould die,
The Merchants of the Town
from death to ſet him free.
His proffer there 2. thouſand pound
but yet all would not be:
A ſweet thing, &c.

The Priſoner hereupon
began to ſpeak his mind,
Quoth he I have deſerved death
in conſcience I do find,
Yet not againſt my will,
this man I kild quoth he, (ſoul
As Chriſt doth know which of my
muſt onlie Saviour be,
A ſweet &c.

With heart I do repent
this moſt unhappie deed,
And for his wife and children ſmall
my verie heart doth bleed,
The deed is done and paſt,
my hope of life is deſn,
And yet the loſs of this my life,
to them is little gain.
A ſweet thing is love
it Rules both heart and mind, &c.

Unto the Widow paid,
and to the bairns therefore)
I gave a hundred pounds a piece
their comfort to reſtore,
Deſiring at their hands,
no one requeſt but this,
They will ſpeak well of Engliſhmen
though I have done amiſs,
A ſweet thing, &c.

This was no ſooner ſpoke,
but that to Hint the Rifle
Thoſe gentle Swains did proffer him
for love to ſave his life:
A this is our A ms quoth they,
we may your death remove,
So you in liew of your good will
will grant to us your love:
A ſweet, &c.

Brave Engliſh man quoth one,
'tis I will beg thy life,
Nay quoth the ſecond it is I
ſo I may be thy wife
'Tis I the third did ſay,
I nay quoth the fourth it is I
So each one after other ſaid,
ſtill waiting his reply.
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# The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune,

FAir Maidens every one,
I muſt confeſs and ſay,
That each of you well worthy is
to be a Ladie gay:
And I unworthy far
the worſt of you to have,
Though you have proffered willingly
my loathed life to ſave,
A ſweet thing, &c.

Then take a thouſand thanks,
of me a dying man.
But ſpeak no more of love nor life,
for why my life is gone,
To Chriſt my ſoul I give,
my bodie unto death,
For none of you my heart can have,
ſith I muſt loſe my breath,
A ſweet thing, &c.

Fair Maids lament no more,
your Countries Law is ſuch,
It takes but hold upon my life
my goods it cannot touch:
Within one Cheſt I have,
in gold a thouſand pound,
I give it equal to you all,
for love that I have found,
A ſweet thing, &c.

And now dear friends farewell,
ſweet England now adieu,
And Chicheſter where I was born,
where firſt this breath I drew,
And now thou man of death,
unto thy weapon ſtand:
Ah nay another Damſel ſaid,
ſweet Headſman hold thy hand,
A ſweet thing, &c.

Now hear a Maidens plaint
brave Engliſh-man quoth ſhe
And grant me love for love again,
that craves but love of thee,
I woe and ſue for love
that have been woo'd ere this
Then grant me love, & there withall
ſhe proffered him a kiſs,
A ſweet thing &c,

And die within thy arms,
if thou wilt (ſhe quoth ſhe.
Yea live or die ſweet Engliſh-man,
Ile live and die with thee:
But can it be quoth he,
that thou doſt love me ſo,
Is not by long acquaintance ſeen,
whereby true love doth grow,
A ſweet thing, &c.

Then beg my life quoth he,
and I will be thine own,
If I ſhould ſeek the world for love
more love cannot be ſhown,
The people at that word
did give a joyful cry,
And ſaid, great pitie it had been,
ſo ſweet a man ſhould die.
A ſweet thing &c.

I go my Lobe ſhe ſaid,
I run, I flie for thee,
And gentle Headſman ſpare a while
my Lovers head for me.
Unto the Duke ſhe went,
who did her grief remove,
And with a hundred Maidens more,
ſhe went to fetch her Love,
A ſweet thing, &c.

With Muſick ſounding ſweet,
the foremoſt of that train,
This gallant Maiden like a Bride
did fetch him back again,
Yea hand in hand they went
unto the Church that day,
And they were married preſently,
in ſumptuous rich array:
A ſweet thing, &c.

To England came he then
with this his Lovely Wife,
A fairer woman never lay
by any Merchants life,
Where I muſt leave them now,
in pleaſure and delight.
But of their names & dwelling place
I muſt not here recite,
A ſweet thing is love, &c.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertſon.